

Victorious Love:
A
TRAGEDY,

As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
in *Drewry-Lane.*

Written by Mr. William Walker.

Heu! quamvis puerum me quoque vexat amor.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Ralph Smith* at the *Bible* under
the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*, 1698.

THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY

To the HONOURABLE

James Kendal, Esq;

One of the LORDS of the

ADMIRALTY.

THERE is a secret Pleasure as well as Awe in addressing to those above us, we flatter our selves that from their height we receive some addition to our own, that we are like Vapours drawn up by their Influence; it satisfies our Ambition, the most prevailing Passion of the most elevated Souls, but when, besides the advantages of Birth and Fortune, they have all the powers of the Soul in full Perfection, its Operations, Harmonious, piercing Wit, quick Apprehension, unerring Judgment, qualified with the most candid Temper inclining to o'relook the defects of their Inferiours, all these crown'd with the most engaging graces of an agreeable inviting Conversation, then our Souls are truly raviſhed, 'tis then we really are what we cannot express. How then must I be extasied when blest with that Eloquence which charm'd the Savage Indians, with Orphean strains insus'd a Soul into the Barbarous World? What greater proof of all your Virtues, than his Most Sacred Majesties choice of you to represent his Royal Person in an Island which none but you could govern? Whose Inhabitants are by Nature brave and generous, but by their unhappy distance from our World deprived of all advantages by Learning and Polite Converse, so that they required

The Epistle Dedicatory.

a Philosopher as well as Politician for their head. How wisely you discharg'd that office their Improvements demonstrate; their noble fortifications speak you as great a Warriour as your judicious Laws and prudent Management a Politician, and both the most lively Image of your Royal Master: But what commands at once our Thanks and Admiration, is, that you Civiliz'd the People, Grafted good Breeding on this unpolish'd stock, Refin'd their Principles in Religion, Policy and Manners, and by your own most Instructive Example made 'em indeed Humane: You Inform'd the Ignorant, Confirm'd the Wise, with your winning Behaviour brought over even Prejudice, and with a becoming Grandeur curb'd those insolent Seditious Spirits whom no King could govern nor no God could please; this indeed was a Master-stroke which we must admire without presuming to comprehend. To whom then should my poor Off-spring sue for Protection but to him in whom all Virtues meet that are Essential to a Patron? You honoured me with your presence at its Representation, and 'twas my ambition it should be as happy in the Press as upon the Stage, which has drawn upon you the inconvenience of a Dedication; so dangerous is it to countenance a young Poet who upon one favour builds his pretensions to another: That which most embolden'd me was the great Esteem you have ever express'd for my Father, this made me presume you would protect his Son; but I forget while I beg your Patronage I should also beg your Pardon for detaining you with such a trifle from Affairs of the greatest moment, and that I may not persist in my rudeness I beg leave to assure you, I am with all Sincerity,

S I R,

Your most Humble and most
Obedient Servant,

William Walker.

London, the 14th
July, 1698.

The

The Preface.

I Know nothing can better Excuse my attempt to Write, than that it Sooth'd and Indulg'd my Melancholy in my Solitary Retreat. Thus, by my Grief Instructed, I began; but ere I had finish'd the Third Act, the unhappy posture of my Affairs, with other Distractions, soon Incapacitated me for so great a Work as Tragedy; so that I Abruptly broke off, and threw it aside; but, soon Resum'd my Task, and, in Four days finish'd the Two remaining Acts. The Whole cost me Three Weeks; for which small lots of Time (if the Severer sort will have it so) I am sufficiently Repenc'd by the Kind Reception it met with among those whom I design'd to please; which has almost made me vain enough to imagine, had it been Exposed in Winter, and in the Favourite House, I had succeeded beyond my expectation.

I hear yet of no Objections against the Play; which confirms me in my former hopes, that the *Criticks* would over-look me, as below their Consideration; and indeed many may be made and I n'er hear of 'em, not having the happiness to be Intimate with any of the *Criticks*, or to Converse with those that are: They satisfy the utmost of my Ambition, if they but grant, there is an Air of Nature shines thro' the Play; and that I am guilty of no Monstrous Absurdities. What other Imperfections there are, my Age will, I hope, (at least to favourable Judges) excuse.

I am blamed for suffering my Play to be Acted at the Theatre-Royal, accus'd of Foolish Presumption, in setting my weak Shoulders to Prop this Declining Fabrick, and of affronting the Town, in Favouring whom they Discountenance: This is a heavy Charge, and such as I never dreamt of, nor am able to clear my self from, but by solemnly Professing none of these Grating Motives induc'd me to it. It has indeed been my Fate to be sway'd more by Affection than Interest.

The Preface.

I hear some are displeas'd I appear'd in my Play my self, esteeming it below me: but how a Gentleman demeans himself more, in Acting for his Diversion, than in Hunting, or any other Gentile Recreation, where even *Mechanicks* are admitted with equal Freedom, is above my reach: It is hard I alone should be Censur'd, when I was not without Precedents, and they with success too, tho' they were Parrots to others, I only to my self: I was advis'd to it by several of my Friends, Men of very good Quality, and, I'm sure, of more Honour, than to perswade a Gentleman to any thing below him. However, if I'm in the wrong, I'm not so Opiniastre to oppose my single Judgment to that of the whole Town, but submit.

I am Oblig'd to *Sylvius* (tho' unknown) for his undeserv'd *Panagerrick*, which I have Publish'd, not out of Vanity, but that the Applause it Merits, and I hope will meet with, may tempt him to discover himself, that I may know my Benefactor.

W. W.

T O
Mr. Walker,

On his *FLAY*, call'd,
VICTORIOUS LOVE.

AS some bold Knight (his late Adventure lost)
With Blows and Wounds, his Bloody Fame to boast,
Leans with Regret——

On the next Oak his yet unyielding Load;
But if he hears the Clash of Arms abroad,
Starts——shakes his broken Lance, and dares the road;
Wild as the Forrest which he leaves, to aid
Some Brother Champion, or relieve some Maid;
So I, my Friend, who late maintain'd the Charms
Of my lov'd Muse, now ravish'd from my Arms,
Rous'd by your Combat, to assist you flew;
In vain——all Conquer who can Fight like you.
Go bravely on insult thy Giant Foes
Slight their huge bulk it now no larger grows.
Like Mars you only could this Earth-born Rage oppose.
All that they could, they did, this Fame's your own,
You stood the shock of Numbers, you alone;
And there 'tis Conquest not to be o'rethrown.
Tho' Biggots talk, Strike boldly on, and win,
Where Wits make War, such fools will venture in.
Let not rais'd Pride ingross the Poet's hill,
It has two Tops, one must be yours——it will.
Unthinking Bards, or for some cause unknown,
Rais'd up a Tyrant they can ill pull down.
And yet great Dryden lives——
Thus from true Worship blinded Pagans stray'd,
Form'd Idol Gods that damn'd them, yet obey'd.
Pursue your course, and a lost Stage maintain,
In Wits wide Empire none shall Monarch Reign.
Could any one, you must all else excel,
So very young, you write so very well.

Sylvius.

Prologue,

Sent by a Friend,

Between a *Tragædian* and a *Comedian*.

Trag. Enters.	<i>As murmuring Oceans lull'd to Peaceful ease.</i>
Com. Mimicks.	<i>As murmuring Oceans lull'd to Peaceful ease.</i>
Trag.	<i>What means the fool?</i>
Com.	<i>To play the fool and please:</i>
	<i>You bring a redious smile so flat</i>
	<i>Of Oceans, winds and waves, with the Devil knows what</i>
	<i>And think to please with stile so great and gawdy—</i>
Trag.	<i>What would you say, Sir?</i>
Com.	<i>Why Pâ speak away.</i>
	<i>A smutty whim still the whole Audience takes,</i>
	<i>Whim pleases Fools, and smuttynefs the Rakes.</i>
Trag.	<i>Nor Rakes, nor Fools, my business is to fear.</i>
Com.	<i>Then faith good Sir you have no business here.</i>
Trag.	<i>To please the fair was my intended Rule.</i>
Com.	<i>Leave that to me, I best can play the Fool.</i>
Trag.	<i>What! a buffoon Prologue to deep Tragick fear?</i>
Com.	<i>'Tis new.</i>
Trag.	<i>So is Nonsense.</i>
Com.	<i>Nô, not here.</i>
	<i>Wit whets like Wine which before Meals we quaff,</i>
	<i>To make the Ladys cry, first make 'em laugh.</i>
Trag.	<i>Zoons Sir the Poet sent you here to trick me.</i>
Com.	<i>You and the Poet both are Coxcombs, snick me.</i>
Trag.	<i>Then may his Play be damn'd, I humbly crave it.</i>
Com.	<i>Don't damn.</i>
Trag.	<i>Damn it.</i>
Com.	<i>Don't swear.</i>
Trag.	<i>Damn it.</i>
Com.	<i>Save it.</i>

[Exennt repeating the last line.

EPilogue,

Epilogue,

By the same Gentleman, Spoke
by Mrs. Cross.

TO Sing, to Court, to Dress, to Fence, to Dance,
All draw their Rules from niceties of France;
Our Author too 'cause great Molliere did Play
Must Mimick France, and play the fool to day.
To write of Love so young we hear of few,
He at Eighteen dares Write and Act it too.
As to the Hero I cant justly tell,
But faith he acts the Lover pretty well,
His Afflicans he makes a Hell of Snow,
For what Torments us most we reckon so,
And Cold's the greatest Plague those Mortals know. }
He says he for my sake this Play decreed,
Then I for his sake beg it may succeed.
Since then this Insects by my Influence bred
Destroy it not e're the third Entry's made.
My Deity must bend to an Ignoble Fate,
Unless I can Preserve what I Create.
But if you should, I make no curse but this, }
May your dear Love-Intrigues go all amiss,
The Men be hot as our Hell, the Lady's cold as his }

Page II.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. C R O S S.

MYrtillo Dead, and I a Slave !
What Sorrow can suffice ?
Madreſs aſſiſt a Wretch to rave,
And Fountains fill my Eyes.
But, ah ! what Pomp of Woe can prove,
The juſt Endearments of our Love ?

I I.

One Soul our Bodies did enſe,
One Tomb ſhall hold our Duſt :
He periſht by relentless Foes,
I follow, to be Juſt.
For, ah ! no Pangs, or pompous Grief,
Can bring him back, or me Relief.

I I I.

His Lips, thoſe wither'd Roſes now,
I'll kiſs again to Life ;
And ſacred keep my Nuptial Vow,
Or dye, and end the Strife.
For, ah ! what ſighing Notes can ſhew
Myrtillo's Worth, or Sylvia's Woe ?

Printed

Printed and Sold by *Ralph Smith*, at the
Bible under the *Royal Exchange*.

H*ymens Præludia* ; or, *Loves Master-*
piece ; being that so much Admired
Romance , Intituled, *Cleopatra*, in Twelve
Parts ; Elegantly Render'd in *English*, by
Robert Loveday.

The *Humorous Lieutenant* ; or, The *Ge-*
nerous Enemies, A *Comedy*.

DRAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Jamoan.</i>	Emperour of <i>Tombut</i> ,
<i>Barnagasso.</i>	King of <i>Gualata</i> ,
<i>Zanhaga.</i>	Uncle to the <i>Emperour</i> ,
<i>Barfiloa.</i>	His Son, the <i>General</i> ,
<i>Dasila.</i>	His Second Son, a Youth,
<i>Marabou.</i>	<i>Priest</i> of the <i>Sun</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Zaraida.</i>	An <i>European</i> Shipwrack'd, Mrs. <i>Crofs</i> . an Infant at <i>Gualata</i> ,
	<i>Officer</i> , <i>Guard</i> , <i>Musicians</i> , <i>Spirits</i> , &c.

S C E N E the *Banxe*, or *Pallace* of *Tombut*.
Time, the same with that of the Representation.

ACT I.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Zanhaga and Dafila.

Zan. **W**ell *Dafila*, How do you like the Charge
The King, my Nephew; has preferr'd you to?
How fares the Beauteous Captive? Say my Son.

Daf. Deaf to all Joys but those she finds in Love:
Whole Crowds of Courtiers snarling, gaze upon me,
And Whispering, Curse the Partial Emperour;
Then swelling; call me Awkward Boy, and with
Their angry Brows threaten to foyl my Youth.

Zan. Your Innocence, my Child, which mov'd him to
Repose this Trust in you, will keep you safe.

Daf. Like new-fledg'd Birds, untaught to flye, I strive,
And fain would bear me through the yielding Air;
I leap but fearfully from Shrub to Shrub,
Nor dare I trust the Unknown Heav'n; Father,
You must direct my early Flights; take, take
Me on your Wing, and teach me how to beat
Secure in this uncertain Wav'ring Air.

Zan. What shall I teach thee, say my *Dafila*?

Daf. Since then the King can deign to look on me,
That I may not disgrace his Trust too far,
As my poor Ignorance, unus'd to Courts,
Must needs, unless you help; tell me, for I
Have nought distinctly heard, clear my dark thoughts,
Relate the source, and progress of these Wars,
What could induce our Mighty Emperour
To War upon *Gualata's* King, whom Fame
Reports as Bounteous as a God?

Zan. 'Twas Love seduc'd our Monarchs heart,
The strongest passion, and the weakest too:
There was an Infant Shipwreck'd at *Gualata*,
So wondrous fair, our *Africk* stood amaz'd;

Africk, so us'd to Wonders, gaz'd at this;
 Our Master, grown in Love, dispatch't an Embassy
 Of their Old King, *Senaga*, then alive,
 Demanding her, he was deny'd; her heart
 Was to young *Barnagasso* deep engag'd,
 Who then resided there; the King not wont
 To be refus'd, Swore to revenge th' Affront;
 Yet Cunning in his Rage, hid his Designs,
 And, like a Serpent, circled in his Head,
 Where e'ry Passion as in Council fate
 In the deepest center; but soon sally'd forth,
 And as she pass'd by *Tombu's* Frontiers to her Lord,
 Surpriz'd this Fair, who since in *Tombu* Mourns.

Daf. How did young *Barnagasso* brook this Rape?

Zan. His grief deny'd the common Outlet, tears,
 Like Waters pent in hollow Caverns shook,
 His Frame, then with an Earthquakes force,
 Tore wide its narrow bounds, and burst the Deluge forth
 With which o'rewhelm'd, amidst his Guards
 Thrice the brave Heroe sunk; but soon he rose,
 For rallying Reason wip'd the Woman from his eyes,
 And bold Revenge alone his thoughts employ'd.

Daf. For Injur'd Beauty, and a Ravish'd Wife
 Revenge is surely just, but pray proceed.

Zan. The good old King had long indulg'd his ease,
 His years had long excus'd him Wars rough toyls;
 Yet now touch'd with his Darlings wrongs, he griev'd
 That he had been, but was no more, his Age
 Reflected on the Battels which his youth had won,
 With envious Pride survey'd his Wounds, inspir'd by these,
 Like one in Renovating Juices steep'd,
 His Soul rowz'd from it's Lethargy, shook off
 Inglorious ease, and boldly call'd for War;
 But Fate design'd his Soul for rest, he dy'd;
 And with his Crown Entail'd the War
 On *Barnagasso*, which he lead eager on resolv'd,
 To hazard all for her Reliete:
 But soon your Brother stopp'd this Rapid Flood,
 O'repowr'd with numbers this Invading King,

(3)

Whom now in Triumph he to *Tombu* leads.

Daf. By Heaven's this Story Warms, and Cools me too;
My Youthful blood boils at the Thoughts of VVar,
And yet I'm cold, to think our Emperour
Should force such softness from her Virgin Flame,
How glorious would it be to curb his Love,
And give her Body where her Soul is plac'd?

Zan. You shew your self a Novice every way,
This Fair unknown has such Inviting Charms
As may excuse the boldest Ravisher.

Daf. Oh, Father, you mistake, her Eyes would turn
His savage heart, he'd Adoration pay
To that Fair Shrine which he could not pollute.

Zan. Yours is Aereal love, not fit for Kings,
Whose grosser appetites descend so low,
That but to purchase for themselves a moments blifs,
They'd sacrifice the quiet of anothers life;
But you should check my Boy this cheating flame,
Should this be known, your head must answer it.

Daf. 'Tis hard to dye for what we cannot help,
All Sects are pleas'd their God should be ador'd,
Why then should mighty *Jamoan* disallow my love?

Zan. Take heed, you're in the Court, where ev'n your looks
Are too severely scann'd, no word but's screw'd

To a forc'd meaning: I must to the King,
Whom I begin to view with envious Eyes,

The growing mischief rolls disjointed here,

And wants a moments thought to ripen it;

My Child stay not long after me, the King
Expects you, to make up the Court to day.

[*Aside.*

Pointing to his Head.

Exit.

Dafila, Solus.

Daf. Is it a fault to love in one so young?
What pity 'tis so sweet a blifs should not
Be lawful too! Why does my duty bid me hold
When I designe no ill? What crime can I
Commit, who only strive to please? yet Heav'n
Pardon my years, if you will count it Sin,
All youths have their one fault, and love is mine.

Exit.

SCENE drawn discovers the Emperour on an Imperial Throne, Zanhaga, Dafila (who enters in the midst of the dance) &c. a Warlike Dance ended they come forward.

Emp. Sound there, sound louder yet your brazen notes,
Let ev'ry accent reach the Thrones above,
Stop our bright Father with repeated charms,
Let him look down, and see his sporting Son
Crown'd a victorious King a mortal God.

Zan. What more could he himself have done?
From his high hopes you hurl'd young *Gualata* down,
And in exchange for Scepters, gave him chains.

Emp. My wear'd People by his chains I freed,
Africk no more shall tremble with alarms,
Nor Babes be hush'd with *Barnagasso's* name,
Curs'd be that name, more curst my General,
Who spar'd his life; What hindr'd him to've lopp'd
The haughty boy, and made my joys compleat?
But there's a spiteful *Demon* haunts my rest,
Which in my greatest sweets still mingles gall,
And makes ev'n Nectar poyson to my taste.

Zan. Curse on his pleading honour say I too,
It breaks my well wrought measures, all my Arts,
And when by studied politiques I've won
A Crown, his aery notions idely throw
The jewel from him.

Emp. ————— Had curs'd *Gualata* dy'd,
I needed not have feign'd that lye, with which
I would delude *Zaraida's* heart, flatter'd
My love with hopes, that she despairing ere
To see him more, might cast her ey's with pity down
On me; 'tis true my heart, unus'd to shifts,
Started within me at the base design,
My Monarch Soul, disdain'd th' unworthy trick,
But love prevail'd, and I by Proxy told
The Lye, which my own tongue refus'd; tell me
How did *Zaraida* take the news you bore?

Daf. I found her in a thoughtful posture lay'd,
Where nothing that but look'd like joy appear'd,
She list'ned carefully to th' tale I told,

And ever as I mention'd *Barnagasso*, dropt
A Sigh, let fall a tear, which were he dead,
Might bribe the Gods to give him back again;
With doubtful answers her fond hopes, I fed,
Till wearied with uncertainty, she begg'd me give
The blow, as Fate had sent it her;
But when I feign'd the story of his death,
I us'd such apt expressions, to deceive
Her faith, that she dissolv'd in tears, retir'd,
And told me, they were so intirely one,
She could not long be after him.

Emp. Some tribute she should pay his memory,
She lov'd him not at once, nor can at once
Forget the am'rous play thing: but her pride
Will soon o'recome her grief, she'll think on me,
And rather choose a Sceptre, than a Grave.

Daf. Much I fear it! her love's too resolute.

Emp. Your Son, *Zanhaga*, is the fittest youth
For Court intrigues, so innocent his face,
None could suspect a Serpent in such fruit,
Then he's so faithful to his Master's trust.
Thar I'll employ him once more in a secret.

Daf. 'Tis strange he thus should praise my innocence.
Yet teach me to be false, in Childhood too.

Emp. He shall to *Gualata* the same story tell,
With which he first abus'd *Zaraida's* ears?

Who knows what his despair may urge him to?

Zan. Oh 'tis a brave design! pursue it home,
For I shall reap the fruits of all your toil. [Aside.

Daf. How soon vice creeps in each unguarded breast?
'Twas his commands that made me Villian first,
Now for my self I'm tempted to be one,
If *Barnagasso* dye, my Youth, and Innocence,
May win *Zaraida* for my self, not him,
Whose love she hates as Hell; My Lord, the General. *Seeing him.*

Warlike Musick, enter the General, kneels to the Emperour.

Emp. Welcome my Soldier to thy Monarchs arms,
Thou faithful Prop to my declining Throne,
My grateful blood, so near a kin to yours,

Leaps

Leaps, and is fir'd at every kind embrace,
Eager to force its banks, as who should say,
Let our divided Streams in the same channel run.

Gen. Such gratitude, were I again to fight,
Would doubly edge my Sword, new vigour give
To e'ry stroke, my Weapons animate,
And sure to conquer *Barnagasso*, I
Should need it all.

Emp. You speak of this *Gualata*, as indeed a Man.

Gen. Or rather God, Oh had you seen him, when
Adorn'd with plumes, fit for the royal sports
Of War, he led his willing Squadrons on,
So gracefully in order rang'd his Troops,
His beauty and his Sword were Rivals grown,
And both were deep imbrued in humane gore,
Oft on those heaps which he himself had made,
He'd wishing gaze to find the hottest work,
And then like Lightning flew, to share the sport:
His men, as each were wrong'd with him, spur'd on,
And hop'd a noble harvest from this Sun,
While he, as he disdain'd he were not Gyant born,
Mow'd all around, and made a pile of dead,
On which he mounting view'd the murd'ring game;
Thus the defects of Nature he supply'd:
But Fortune——

Emp. —— Cease your praise harangue no more.
But let me see this wonder of a Man.

*Enter, lead in by the General, Barnagasso, he looks haughtily
at the Emperour.*

Emp. How great he looks! he braves me in his chains!
Were he encircled round with flatt'ring crowds,
VWhat could he more? Can misery so glorious be?
VWhat shall I do to bend his haughty Soul?
My Resolutions sicken at this sight,
At e'ry look my weaker genius thrinks,
I must be gone; *Zanbaga*, follow me.

[*Aside.*

Exit, cum Zan.

Manent,

Manent, Barnagasso, the General, Dafila, &c.

Bar. Is that your *Emperor*?

Gen. He is; the darling Substitute of Heaven.

Bar. Then Gods may be deceiv'd as well as men,
 VVhat is he mute, to awe the common rout
 To a mistaken reverence of their King,
 Is he then forc'd
 To cheat his People to obey? I pity him.

Gen. I know not what could call him hence so soon,
 But Monarchs motions are above our reach.

Bar. How he betray'd his fear, when in the midst
 Of peace, not daring to proclaim a war,
 He basely stole my love? he can't repent,
 A Coward ne're can be an honest Man.

Gen. He can't indeed; but *Jamoans* brave, he scorns
 To owe his safety to these Chains, they speak
 Too much a Monarchs fear: [Unbinding him.

Bar. A Man to Empire born, bred up to all
 That could endow a Royal Breast, yet stoop
 So low as Treachery; my honest heart's
 Unwilling to believ't, and yet, when I
 Behold my tender, charming Wife, from my
 Soft bosom torn, were he yet more than King,
 Were he a God, yet he is base as Hell:
 You've often mourn'd my fate, have pity'd me, [To the General.
 Could you not bless me with a sight of her I love?
 Methinks I'd not forego the World, till I
 Had ta'en my leave of that Divinity,
 Say, can your rigid honour grant me this?

Gen. Despair not Sir of love, or liberty,
 The King, tho' he indulges ev'ry vice,
 In loath'd debauches reason quite enervated,
 And in loose Riots has unmann'd his Soul,
 Yet there are hours, when honour may be heard,
 Such Eloquence can never plead in vain;
 Believe me Sir I'll be your faithful Friend.

Bar. Oh! I believe and know thee honest, but
 The King, the curst King enjoys my Love,

He

He grasps her in his arms, insatiate Goat!
 Ev'n now! now! whilst I wishing stand, he gluts;
 Perhaps, oh! damn th'intruding thought! h'as forc'd
 Her to his bed; lead me, Friend, lead me now,
 This hour's the best, shew me where Hell and Heaven's
 So near, they touch, I'll rush between, and like
 A Tygreff seize my robbing prey, tear out
 His heart, but he has none; Oh! misery!

Gen. Compose your self, trust me the danger's less
 Than you have form'd it; to me he has own'd,
 That when refus'd, he has design'd to force;
 Some secret pow'r has chill'd his hot desires,
 Nature her self, as with its Extasie
 Surcharg'd, deny'd Compliance to his Will.

Bar. Oh *Zaraida*! the Pow'r that sent thee here,
 Will preserve thee, there all my hopes are plac'd.

Gen. Rest there secure, I have a thousand doubts
 To be resolv'd, about this fair one's Birth;
 Inform me, if she

Be old *Senega's* Daughter, say what Arts
 He us'd, to make her so Divinely fair.

Bar. Oh! I will tell thee all, with the same joy
 That I beheld her first, Will I repeat

The pleasing tale— My dying Father left

Me an Infant to my Uncles care, he took

Me to his Court, where faithful Tutors did

Instruct my Youth; one day we walk'd abroad,

As 'twas their custom to divert my Mind,

And their harsh Precepts sweeten with delights;

There as I wanton'd near the bounding Seas,

Where *Africk* is no more, I saw, stay! let

Me form the glorious Pageant! Now! it comes!

Like a young Prophet in's first dream of bliss,

I feel the inspiring God my fancy move;

And my returning thoughts croud to inform my Tongue.

Daf. Such joy your words your air expels methinks
 I see this Sea-born Goddess mount the Waves.

Bar. The floating thing draws near, rapt with the sight,
 I plunge into the Flood, spite of my Guards,
 And use my tender Arms as Nature taught;

And now I reach the meeting-Bark, I see the fair,
 Rock'd by the gentle Waves asleep she lay,
 A thousand graces blest the smiling Babe,
 Officious Loves about her Beauties play'd,
 Which shoot themselves at once into my Breast:
 And now I take her in my eager arms,
 Like a young God I waft this Goddess o're,
 Solight was Heav'n to *Barnagasso's* Arms!

Gen. Were there no Spirits to attend this Saint?
 Did Heav'n this Paradise ungarded leave?

Bar. Two Men there were, they dyed; the Babe was lov'd,
 And bred by good *Senega*, as his Child,
 For he had none. I was her Companion,
 In harmless sports we often spent the day.
 Till we had play'd each other into Love,
 He blest this flame; at last I Marry'd her;
 Yes in the face of Heav'n I Marry'd her:
 A joy too great to last! For now! curs'd brood!
 My Subjects grown Rebellious, forc'd me leave
 This fair, She all joy was coming to my Arms,
 When curs'd *Tombu*! but I've done, the rest you know;
 Tears must have way since she is mine no more.

[Weeps.]

Daf. Now is the time to obey our Emperour,
 Sure Love and Duty can excuse one crime.

Bar. See the poor Youth at my misfortune weeps! [Aside weeps:]

Daf. Who will not weep, that knows *Zaraida's* dead?

Bar. Dead! 'tis impossible; By Heavns! 'tis false,
 Her Father Sun would be obscur'd by grief,
 But why should he? Oh no, he'll shine for joy
 That she his Emanation is return'd.

Gen. Thou tend'rest fair! That heart indeed is
 Hard, that cannot weep ev'n Blood, for thee!

Bar. But say, for now I can hear any thing;
 Inform my Soul, how did that fair one dye?

Daf. Long had our Emperour sollicit'd in vain,
 For joys, which you alone were to Possess,
 Till wearied with delay, and hopeless ere
 To work her to comply, he lay'd aside
 His Arts, and the bold Ravisher appear'd,
 Cloak'd with the veil of Love no more; resolv'd

T'enjoy by force, what he could never win;
But the chaste Maid snatch'd from his Guards a Sword,
And rather chose to dye, than live a Slave to Lust;
Who can forbear to weep at this?

Bar. Yes I will weep, but fruitless tears no more,
Large drops of liquid flame my Ey's shall pour,
The scalding deluge shall parch up my Skin,
As this consumes without, despair shall gnaw within;
But I must yet one act of justice do,
Rid at one stroke, the World, and me, of woe;
By me this lustful Royal Beast shall dye,
I'll plunge his Soul in endless Misery,
That done, I'll bask me in some open Vale,
And let her Sun my Vapour Soul exhale,
Where with *Zaraida* I shall happy Reign,
In bliss refin'd, in Pleasure free from pain;
We'll live Divinely on our Am'rous fare,
And quite forget we ever Mortals were.

[*Exeunt.**Fine Actus Primi.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pleasant Grove, at the farther end Zaraida is discover'd on a Couch, she rises and comes forward.

Zara. **W**Hy should I Weep? Can Tears call back his Soul?
Or force mine out to him? In vain I grieve.

Where is thy Body smooth as Ebony,
And softer than the tender yielding Virgins skins?
Thy Limbs are undistinguish'd torn; thy heart,
Oh that they'd pierc'd thee there! forgive my Will,
That I too might have Dy'd! no Difference now
Between the Monarch and the Slave? Yes this,
The Pile confess'd thy Worth, and groan'd beneath thy weight;
The Flame, thy Royal Ensign, separate burn'd;
Nor mix'd its purer Blaze with common streams;
But proud of it's God-like Load, pierc'd through the expanded Air:

VOL. II. 1

Thou

(11)

Thou Brightest Saint, now use thy Musick Speech,
Intreat my Father *Sun* to take me hence;
While I joyn with thee in such Airs Divine,
As never fail'd to move the listning God.

SONG *here, which ended, Enter Dafila.*

A Messenger from Hell, in stead of Heaven!

Daf. Sure I am Monstrous, that you start aside,
And leave your Angel-strains when I Appear.
Your Silence tells me, I've been rude, disturb'd
Your pious Offerings to an Earthly Saint.
'Tis true, my Ears were blest; but Heav'n, till I
Had seen you too, imperfect was.

Za. 'Tis base t'insult o're my Religious Grief,
When Gods Afflict, Men should not add their scorn.

Daf. Is it Insulting, when the Pious Votary
In hallow'd Censers serves Devotion up?
If this be Scorn, then I confess I'm base *[Kneels.*
For Knees, and Tears, shall force your pity down.

Za. In vain, fond Youth, you plead the cause of Vice;
Such Vertue should not kneel for such a King.

Da. Oh hear me! For my self I beg, not him,
Won't you reward that Innocence you praise? *[She avoids him.*
Why do you fly my Virgin-Touch? the Flame
Burns not so pure in Temples, as my Breast,
And like that too mine to its Heaven Aspires;
Oh stay, Coy Fair, yet stay, and hear me speak!
Ev'n Heav'n will hear, tho it refuse to grant:
Perhaps you think me of Ignoble Stock,
And, on that Errour, ground your Scorn; my Streams
From Royal Fountains flow, my Veins are rich,
And swell with pure, unmixt, Cælestial Blood.

Za. I stay too long, my Widdow'd ears and heart, *{ She strives*
Must never more, or hear, or think of Love. *to get loose,*

Da. 'Tis true, I've no Crowns to lay before you, *{ he holds her.*
Nor Thousand Slaves to wait my least Command;
Yet I've a Sword shall hew you out a Throne,
Or Altar rather, for so fair a Saint;
My Brother General too will lend his Arm

Inur'd to Victory,

Za. Were you in Love
You'd strive to please, and not oppose my Will;

Daf. Can nothing move your cruel Brest? yet stay,
I've yet a Charm to lure your Heart, give me
Those Favours you can justly grant,
And while you sing soft Airs to *Barnagasso's* praise,
I'll ecchoe nothing back but *Barnagasso's* Name;
No sound shall reach your Ears, but *Barnagasso*.

Za. Rise artful Youth, thou cunning Innocence,
Thou'st stroke the darling note, my Heart revives,
Oh there's such Musick in that Name! enough
To bend me from my stiff reserve; yes now
I'll think, I'll hear, nay talk of Love again;
But of a lost one! there my Woe returns!
I've a Request, which you must not deny.

[Pauses.]

Da. Speak, for I can deny you nothing: say
Is't in my power? already I am Wing'd,
Swifter than Light'ning, to perform your Will.
Has any Villain wrong'd your Honour? say,
'Tho' 'twere our Emperour himself, he dyes:
This little Arm, guided by Avenging Heav'n,
Shall Wonders do, to expiate my former Guilt.

Za. 'I will try your Love indeed, 'mongst all the Slaves;
Is there not one that knew my Husband well?
One, in whose Breast, he could repose his Grievs?
Could you find such a one, I should be blest.

Da. Oh I could please her beyond measure now!
What hinders then? My Duty? that I've lost
In Pleading for my self: Can I pretend
To Love, yet harbour in my Breast a Foe
To that soft Passion? No: she shall be serv'd:
Yes, there is such a one, so dear he was
To your Dead Lord, he knew each Thought, each Sigh:
Not *Barnagasso* to himself more Conscious was;
Like a True Friend, he waited him to Death,
And did the last kind Offices perform.

} *Aside.*

Za. May I not see him? Oh he'll sooth my Grief
With Mournful Tales of *Barnagasso's* Death! Tell me
How oft he call'd upon *Zaraida*; how,

When

When he lay Gasping, in his latest Breath
Zaraida prest; you shan't deny me this.

Daf. It shall be so; the Invention pleases me; }
Surprizes give a relish to the Bliss; } [Aside.
Duty be gone, Love is my Master now;
Expect a while, and doubt not but I'll bring
The Man you most desire. [Exit.

Za. Him whom I most desire indeed; for, since
My Husband's Dead, Where can I lull my Cares
Asleep, but in that Breast himself did trust?
Ah Barnagasso! that I'd dy'd for thee!
And yet I dare not, must not wish ev'n that;
For were it so, yet we should have parted;
And that's the only Hell I'd shun. [She retires aside.

Enter Dafila with Barnagasso, at one end of the Stage.

Daf. Divert your Grief in these Coole Shades, you'll find
Your little Jaylor's not Tyrannical.
My Duty calls me hence. Bar. Kind Youth farewell. } Goes behind
All are not Monsters in this Affrick Court. } the Scene.

Barnagasso Coming Forward.

Bar. Oh Zaraida! Wer't thou as happy, as
I am wretched, I should be happy too.
Ha! Is it possible! Or do I Dream? [Seeing her.
And speak but what I wish? That Brightest Vision, that
Assum'st the Lovely'st Shape on Earth, or Heav'n,
Speak, and in rev'rence to the form you bear,
Thus bending to the Earth, my open Ears [Kneels.
Shall suck with greedy thirst the welcome Sounds.

Za. It must be he! yes he himself! no Ghost!
What stays me then to undeceive us both?
Rise, Barnagasso, rise, I am your Zaraida,
Take me, and satisfy your self I'm she, { Runs into
Your constant, fondest Wife. } his Arms.

Bar. Oh raptures too Divine!
The sudden joy o're pow'rs my Spirits deprest'd,

With

With the weight of whole Heaven, but thy kind warmth *Imbra-*
 Calls back my retiring Blood, thy Kisses breath *ces her.*
 A Soul into thy Image, it enlivens
 In my fond heart, and almost talks of Love:
 Oh *Zaraida*, so close I'll press thee in these Arms,
 All that behold, shall think I grew to thee!

Za. Closer, yet closer to my Breast my Lord!
 Each sense confesses you, my Arms that oft
 In am'rous twines have lock'd my Husband fast,
 Now fall of course into their wonted place.

Bar. Oh judge not of my passion by my VVords!
 Those sounds are yet unknown that can express
 My Bliss: My silent Exstasies declare
 My Soul wrap't far beyond Tumultuous Joys;
 Oh we'll repeat the life of Love, and all
 Our happiness shall center in our selves.
 But I am yet in th'dark what juggle has
 Been play'd, and to what end they feign'd our Deaths.

Daf. } That Mystery my self alone can clear;
Entering. } And first thus kneeling, I for Pardon sue
 To this offended Heav'n; 'twas by the Kings command
 I to each other feign'd your Deaths, he hop'd,
 That diff'rent Passions ruleing in your Breasts,
 Despair in yours, and Female Pride in hers,
 Something might be effected to his wish;
 VVhat caus'd me to unravle his designs,
 And backward tread my steps, this Lady knows;
 She sure will Pardon Crimes her self has caus'd.

Za. And can reward the Virtues too, take all
 That gratitude and best esteem can give. *[Takes him up.]*

Bar. Triumph! Triumph my Soul! let thy
 Vast joy reach the last borders of the World,
 From either side with double force rebound,
 And meeting, make a Whirlpool with your Streams,
 Which may suck in each heart, to joy with me;
 Yet further, if it be in Nature further go;
 If not, inspire ev'n Nothing with my Joy.
 Let Nothing be endu'd with Apprehension vast,
 To rouse it's new form'd Soul at my Alarm,
 Shake off its drowsie fit, and help to push

The rolling Heaven on: What! what can be
 Joy enough when my *Zaraida* Lives! Ring
 Your Eternal Clangours for the great News,
 The Goddess Lives! whom we Blasphem'd with Death,
 And gen'rous honour flourishes in you.

[*Embracing her passionately and him.*]

Enter to them the *Emperour* talking to *Zanhaga*.

Em. Now for my Plot, if she be VWoman, it
 Succeeds. Death to my hopes! he here! [Seeing *Bar.*]

Da. The *Emperour*! Then I am lost indeed!

Em. Dye Traytour, early base, nor shall my Blood [*Stabs Da.*]
 That trickles in thy Veins, excuse this Crime,
 Ev'n that I'll Sacrifice to Love, I'll have
 Thy Bowels ript, search if thou hast a Heart,
 Or thou'rt no Victim for this Deity.

Da. Oh you will find *Zaraida* there! her looks
 Will awe your Sacrilegious Hands, yet take
 Take cruel King my Heart;
 The only part of her you e're can have.

Bar. Oh for a Sword to end this Tyrants Life!
 Revenge at once my Friend, and Right my Love!
 Fate I accept thy gift, and thank thee thus, { *Snatches Dasila's*
 Oh feeble Arm! unfit thy Masters Soul! { *Sword, and runs at*
 Or all his Guards could not have hind'ed thee, { *the Emp. but is hin-*
 Yet I will watch a Time, when, tho' unarm'd, { *dered by the Guard.*
 I'll seize the Blood hounds Throat, again prevented!
 Gods! I submit!

Em. Secure this Mad-man;
 Ev'n you his Father must confess, his Crime
 Deserv'd the Blow I gave.

Zan Poor Boy, his fault
 Indeed was great, and yet in one so young— } [Aside.
 But 'tis not fit my Frowns disclose my thoughts, }
 Till time afford a Season for Revenge. } [To *Zar.*

Zar. Sweet Youth! how often hast thou urg'd his suit,
 With Pray'rs as earnest, as most Pious Souls
 To their expected Heaven give, tho I,
 Thy Master loath'd, yet thy Devotion was,

So.

So great, that were my Breast but capable
Of any Love, but what *Gualata* gave,
Thou, only thou could'st enter there. Ingrate!
Find now some way to satisfy his Ghost.

Em. Consent but to be mine, and he shall live,
I'll force unravel'd Nature to disclose
Some wondrous secret, to cement his Wounds.

Da. Too late thou vaunt'st thy Pow'r, trust me, tho I
Deserv'd my Fate, 'twas base in you to give it me:
Oh! bear me to that Heav'n of weeping Chrystal!
That Heav'n! which my fond soul would never leave,
But a less lov'd one calls me hence farewell! [Dyes.]

Em. Convey him hence, such objects suit not Love, [Guards carry off Da.]
The ruling Passion of my Breast.

Bar. Ev'n yet rash King, you may regain your Honour,
Restore what you've unjustly ta'en, this Fair;
She is my due, oh! I deserve her not;
For where's the Man e're merited Divinity?
Yet since the Gods have join'd our Hearts so close,
What Pow'r dare part us now! part us! said I?
Oh *Zaraida*, while I've a Hand, an Arm, [Embraces her.]
I'll never leave thee more! nay, tho my Limbs,
By some disastrous Chance, were from my Body torn,
Yet my bare am'rous Trunk would kindly bend,
And make a hold for thee, some part of me
Would soon transform into a Sword, and hew
The Monster down, that durst divide our souls.

Zar. Teach me my Lord, how to return your love,
I've nothing new but Misery to give!

Bar. Oh thou art always ravishingly new! [Embraces her.]

Zar. How can you hug your Ruin in your Arms?
Oh shake me, shake me off! this Viper off!
Give up this Fatal Beauty to Despair,
Let me not draw your Ruine down with mine.

Bar. Cease your harsh sounds, or I shall think you chang'd,
That would be new indeed, new Misery!

Em. My small remains of Pity struggle now,
But Love puts in his Claim, and tears my Breast;
Teach her to yield, or me to Love no more.

Bar. I will support your honour, it shall o're look

Your

Your Lust, Gygantick grown, I'll be your Friend,
 Tho often Injur'd, be what you should be,
 And I will yet forget 'em all, forget,
 If possible, you ever wrong'd this tender Flow'r.

Zar. Nay Love will plead, sure that can't be deny'd;

Hear me, 'tis the first time I ever pray'd
 To you, how often have you begg'd this Boon
 In vain? despise it not now it is giv'n;
 I will not call you Tyrant, Monster now,
 No you shall be a God, and I'll adore
 Your Deity, if you will grant my wish;
 I ask not Kingdoms, keep them all, 'tis but
Gualata's Liberty and mine, forbear
 To stop the peaceful Current of our Joys,
 Permit us wander where our wills shall lead,
 We'll seek for shelter in some Mountains Root,
 Where Nature, as fore-seeing our Distress,
 A rev'rend Cave has form'd; there we'll retire,
 And be securely blest with Mutual Love;
 No Monarch will invade that Throne, no Arms
 The quiet calm of Sacred Love disturb,
 Sure you will grant me this, this, which makes me
 Richer than Heav'n and not Impoverishes you.

Em. Trust me her words strike through my very Soul,
 My feeble honour, reforc'd by these
 All-conq'ring helps assays to lead the way;
 Now all the fogs of lewd Debauches fly,
 And ev'ry stenching Vapour is exhal'd,
 Honour alone now seems to keep the Field,
 And I could almost give her up, but Love
 Resumes my Heart, and drives th' Usurper thence;
 The Combat's hot, he fights, and now retreats,
 Now Strong, now weak, and now Triumphant sits,
 Proclaiming with a Tyrants Voice his laws;
 Whilst humbled Honour, but in whispers speaks,
 Give up *Zaraida*, ha! give what? to whom!
Zaraida to the Man I hate as Hell!
 Forbid it Love! I hear not Honour now,
 Like drowning Men, this was its last effort,
 To rear its sinking head above the Floods,

D

And

And now 'tis lost for ever! ever gone!
 No, your Proposal I resort to you,
 Take all your Crowns, your Kingdoms, take 'em back,
 But my *Zaraida* shall be mine!

Bar. Hold off, bold sacrilegious Wretch! Tempt not
 Thy Fate, lest naked as I am, some God,
 Make ev'n these hands the Ministers of Death.
 Give me a Sword, be you too arm'd for Love;
Zaraida shall like Vict'ry, doubtful hang,
 And to the Man who most deserves her fall,
 Oh glorious cause! Worthy such Swords as ours;
 The Day seems mark'd by fate for such a War!
 The expecting Gods to their last limits come,
 Deeply concern'd for Souls so like their own;
 'Twere not good manners to delay the sport
 When such spectators wait, come bring the Swords,
 And let the Royal Fight begin.

Emp. 'Tis an unequal Game, I set my Crown
 To nought, sure you forget you're Pris'ner here,
 A Bankrupt both in honour, and Estate;
 'Tis not for you who at my Mercy breath,
 To hope to brave a Death as from this Arm;
 I scorn to lift my Sword against my Slave.

Bar. If I'm a Slave, you could not make me one.

Emp. Under my Auspices my Soldiers fought,
 They servilely perform'd what I inspir'd.

Bar. Excuses ne're are wanting, when the will is gone;
 Thus Cowards always Reason wrest,

Emp. Were I that thing, what hinder'd me to've forc'd
 This Lady long e're this, and Murder'd you?

Bar. Because thou art that thing, for tho' 'twere base,
 Yet there's a boldness in it, thou 'rt a Stranger to.

Emp. The World shall find I am not base, to Heav'n;
 Who best decides, this cause refer, the Priest
 Shall in my Court inquire it's will, while we
 Expect, to whom just Heav'n this Fair will give:
 Mean time free access I allow to both.
Zanhaga bid the Priest his Gods prepare.

That hint's enough this seeming Piety,
 Secures their hearts whom pity might mislead:

[*Aside.*

br.

My

My General too, who loves this Prince, must yield to Heaven. *[Exit*

Zar. If Heav'n be Heav'n, we shall be happy yet.

Bar. We will be happy, or in Life, or Death. *[Exit cum Zar.*

Manet, Zanhaga, Sôus.

Yes, he shall Solve your Doubts, the Priest shall give

Zaraida to your Arms, but you shall n'ere

Enjoy that Gift : *Gualata*, and your self

Stand in my way : My Son's, my Darling's Death

Shan't long be Unreveng'd : True, I was fir'd

By my Ambition, to attempt a Crown before

But now Revenge too eggs me on : his blood

Shall be the Oyl to whet my blunted hopes :

I'll soon prepare the Priest to serve the King,

His Parrot-Gods shall speak but what I Teach,

And my own Thoughts his Prating Demons Preach. *[Exit.*

Emis. Actus Secundi.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE the Priests Apartment.

Enter the Emperour.

Em. **T**HUS far has Love unbounded hurry'd me !

The rapid Flood breaks through opposing Dams,

Bears down each Fence, that dares dispute its way ;

All Disappointments but increase its force ;

Each blow new Vigour gives each fall

Infuses fresh Recruits to ev'ry part,

Tenacious of his hold he hugs me close ;

Whilst smother'd honour struggles but in vain,

Shall I be forc'd to mortifie my flame :

Because some servile Priests has joyn'd their hands,

D 2

What

What tho her folly too unites their hearts,
My Priest shall streight untye this Mystick Knor,
And make ev'n Heav'n repeal its former Act.
What ho! within there! *Marabou!* come forth,
And ease a Monarch's Breast.

Enter Priest, Zanhaga, &c.

Zan. You have your Cue! be faithful to your Trust,
And your Reward shall far exceed desire.

Em. Behold you who the Heavenly secret know,
Behold me both a Monarch, and a Slave;
I to whose Nod all *Africa* submit,
Can stoop to kneel at a weak Womans feet:
She, tho' a Captive, scorns to look on me,
My very Crown's a Bawble in her eyes;
Too poor to play with, whilst the Captive Prince,
Tho' robb'd of all his Glories, gluts in Joys,
Which but to tast, my self would be Dethron'd:
And I had pluck'd ere this th' unwilling Rose,
But some remaining dregs of honour hinder'd me;
This is the Plague torments your Monarch's Soul,
Now see if Hell or Heav'n afford a Cure.

Here the Emperour sits, while the Priest begins the

Incantation.

A Rise ye Fiends of Hell! arise;
You who for freedom groan,
Who long lost Earth, bemoan;
Come, with fresh Objects, feed your eyes;
You, who for Sins on Earth, are bound
To Swim in Coldest Streams;
Still dying, never Dead are found;
Come, warm you by my Flames:
I'll Chase you till you'r happy too;
I'll Thaw your Blood if it Congeale;
I'll mend your blue and bleaky hue;
Your skin, tho' chopp'd, and scarr'd I'll heale:
The cutting Winds, that Whistling blow
From dazzling Mountains of driv'n Snow,
Shall cease their Orders, to obey,
If you'll prepare, and come away.

Chorus

Chorus of
Priests.

*Come to our Monarch, give Advice,
Arise ye Fiends of Hell! arise.*

Four Infernal Spirits Arise, all in White, and Sing.

WE come! we come, Great Marabou!
We watch thy pleasing Call;
Our stiffned Joynts are supple now,
Thou warm the coldest Hell.

1st. Male
Spirit.

*If Love disturb this Monarch's Breast,
'Tis fit he should enjoy
What e're can please th' unruly Guest,
And force her if she fly.*

1st. Female.

*Gualata Dead, she'll yield of course,
Dull Lovers we despise;
She but expects the pleasing force,
To give down all her Joys.*

*My Lover was for Piety,
Conscience, and Lov'd wag'd Wars;
His coldness Damn'd himself, and me;
Or we had both been Stars.*

2d. Male.

*Behold me once a Mortal Wight,
In an Old Beldam's Arms;
For Love of Gold I drudg'd all Night,
And rose at all Alarms;
But yet 'twas cold! 'twas coldly done!
Nor did it ought avail;
Then force the young, the fair, nor run
The Risque to freeze in Hell.*

2d. Female.

*I to an Aged Fool did Charm,
Who only hugg'd me close;
My Maiden-head in Hell can't warm,
Nor Virtue-heat infuse.*

Chorus of
Infernals.

*Then force the Fair, nor longer crave,
But let Gualata die:
By this your self, and her, you'll save,
From Winters Misery.*

Chorus of Priests For they who quench'd their am'rous flames,
and Infernals. Are Damn'd to Freeze in Coldest Streams.

Priest

Priest
SINGS.

Hear! you in Heav'n's blue Regions, hear!
 You who have once been Men;
 And for your Virtues swim in Air,
 To make my Phœbus train.
 How happy you! warm'd by his Beams,
 Your Balls of Fire ye Guard;
 Each Spirit guides his Orb of Flames,
 Proud of his hot reward.
 You who've obey'd Almighty Love,
 Inur'd to Amorous Wars,
 For which in Flames you wanton rove,
 Pleas'd with your Subject Stars;
 You who prefix each Mortals Doom,
 And know each Miscreants Fate:
 Say, will ye cut the Pris'ners Loom,
 Or give a longer Da'e?

Chorus of
Priests.

Come, come relate,
 The Captives Fate,
 Or Life, or Death,
 Bring in a Breath;
 If Love must yield,
 And quit the Field,
 Or Beauty Bend.

Descend! ye Lords of Air, descend!

Descend in a Machine to proper Musick, & Heav'nly Spirits.

All sing. **Y**our Crown's not safe if he should Live,
 The God's are unappeas'd,
 His Blood's our due; in vain you strive,
 With Blood alone we're pleas'd.

Chorus of Cæl. For you the Sun has sent her here,
 Destroy the Prince, and force the Fair.

Cæleft.
Both.

Say, Hell, Shall it be so?
 Yes, We're for it below;
 We above are for't too.
 Well then it must be so;
 What Mortal can withstand
 What Heav'n and Hell command?

Pr. Then

Pr. *Then must Gualata dye?*
 Spir. *Yes Gualata must dye.*
 Pr. *And must Zaraida yield?*
 Spir. *Yes Zaraida must yield.*
 Pr. *What if she should deny?*
 Spir. *Then force her to comply.*

Dance here, which ended, the Cæles. ascend, and Infernal descend singing.

Emp. It shall be so, I love to see the Gods
 Josê, a sign they're pleas'd to serve my Love:
 The Captive King shall dye, as fate Commands;
 And what my Father sent me shall be mine.
Zan. 'Tis fit your Majesty should please your self.

The Ghost of Dafila rises between 'em.

Daf. Is it so Father? but you're mine no more,
 My soul disdains to pay my Bodies Debt.
Pr. Good Heav'ns! what make he straggling here uncall'd?
Gho. Uncall'd indeed by thee, as were all Spirits else,
 For since your own can serve, why should you trouble us?
 Thy cheat's too gross, to pass on Heav'nly Minds.
 Scarce had I past the lagging hindmost Stars,
 When loe our Mighty God my Voyage stop;
 My Priest, said he, forgetting all respect
 To Right, preferring present Gold to future Heav'n,
 Reverses my decrees, and wrefts my Will,
 Divides those hearts I've joyn'd and takes the fair
 From *Barnagasso*, whom my Soul admires;
 Hast! to my lov'd *Gualata* hast, thence hie,
 And to the Emperour declare my Will,
 Tell him the Fair must be *Gualata's* Wife:
 Thus spoke the God, I all Obedience flew,
 And now my Soul is eager to return,
 I must be gone, resolve to obey, or dye.

Zan. Poor superstitious Boy! *Pri.* O that my Charms
 Could bind his Soul in Hell for this affront.

Emp. This Boy has shock'd my Soul, in vain I love,
 If Heav'n oppose, in vain are all my Arts:
 And yet, for he was Treacherous on Earth,

Perhaps

Perhaps he but deceives me now ; the Priest
 sings most melodious to my Ears, his Voice
 Like a deluding Syren leads me on,
 Avert the Omen Heav'n ! but this is true,
 This I am sure's a Ghost, the Boy I kill'd,
 Whom thwarted Heav'n has on this errand sent,
 The others are but counterfeited shapes,
 Spirits too complaisant to cross my Will ;
 But shall I loose her for a Childish Ghost ?
 Her whom I love ? No, it is fixt, this Night
 I'll grasp the Fair ; how then shall Heav'n be serv'd ?
 As far as Love permits I will obey ;
 Go tell the Prince what Fate commands, yet that
 My Mercy interceeds, if he will yield her mine. [To Zan.
 That part o'th' Oracle, his Life, I'll spare ;
 If not, this night he must submit to Fate. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE changes to another Apartment of the Palace.

Enter Barnagasso and Zaraida.

Bar. How happy my Zaraida are we ! thus—
 Belov'd of Heav'n, when Guardian Spirits watch,
 And Gods grow careful of our lives ? what harm
 Can hurt us now, since they detect the cheat ?
 Let Priests damn on, kind Heav'n will ward the blow.

Zar. All their mask'd Spirits are impostours found,
 Their mystick clew kind Heav'n untwists, the youth,
 How wisely Heav'n appoints its Instruments !
 Who serv'd us when alive, serves us in death.
 Oh we will gratefully our Tribute pay,
 Or Crown'd, or Chain'd, we will Religious be,
 But did this Messenger no more disclose ?

Bar. He seem'd to hope, yet doubted Fates decree,
 He bade me be my self, in all Distress,
 Let Honour lead my thoughts, he said no more,
 Nor needed he. This was advice enough,
 Fear not my Love, no pow'r can part us now,
 Hell dare not, and sure Heav'n will never change.

Zar. Here comes one will endeavour it,

Enter

Enter to them Zanhaga.

Bar. Well how has Heav'n dispos'd of me? am I
To live or dye? Say thou Ambassadour.

Zan. 'Tis true, both Hell, and Heav'n, have mark'd you dead,
Nay have requir'd it, as the only means
To save our selves, but yet our gracious King,
Unus'd to Cruelty, dares to offend
On Mercy's side, and mitigate your Doom.
Thus says our Monarch, if the Fair will yield,
I will Restore your Crowns, and be your Friend;
Nor think this hard, since Fate design'd her mine,
And asks your Life for your Presumptious Love:
But that he spares, demanding only her.

Bar. Can he at once both give, and take my Life?
Thinks he the Body lives without the Soul?
Hence Trifler, with thy self-refuting speech;
But say, was it not fear extorted this,
Which now you lay on Mercy? was there not
A Boy, who gave the lye to your false Oracles?
A most unwelcome Guest at your repast?

Zan. Since your misconstrue thus my Masters Love,
Hear what his Mercy when Rejected can;
Tho Heav'n it self should justifie your claim,
He'd still go on, and force her to his Bed.
Lay hold on Mercy ere it be too late;
Or she must yield this Night, or you must dye.

Zar. Where! wheres the King! my tears shall bend his mind,
Oh I will do what honour can permit,
To save my Dear, my *Barnagasso's* like,

Bar. Is it then possible you'll leave me thus?

Zar. You are unkind my Lord to mention it.

Bar. Stay then, and bear with me what Heav'n appoints;
Back to your King, this answer give, tell him
He knows me not, or he had spar'd his gift,
I can as bravely spurn those Lands, as he can give:
As for *Zaraida*, tell him nought of her,
Lest he should think I could be so debas'd,
As but to 've ask'd my self, to part with her.
Alas! tho in a Storm, we often throw
The nearest Jewel o're, we still preserve our selves.

(26)

And what art thou but my immediate self? [*Embraces her.*

Go, tell thy Master, I'm prepar'd for Fate ;

Yes I will dye, but how, is yet to be resolv'd. [*Exit cum Zaraida.*

Manent, Zanhaga, Solus.

Zan. The manner of your Death's not much to me,
So you but dye ; I thirst not after Blood,
But as a servile ladder to my hopes,
Which I have now infallibly dispos'd,
And shall by night have reach'd the top, what now
Remains since you're secure, but *Jamoans* life ?
That ta'en, each Loyal head shall straight be lopp'd,
I'll throw this Rubbish in to drink their Blood,
Lest as Fools say, my Throne should slipp'ry be ;
This Mortar shall cement my walls, not Blood
Of Bulls more sure, Fate prosper this design,
And Victims Blood shall make your Altars shine.

[*Exit.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE continues. Enter Barnagasso, Solus.

Bar. IF Death but ends Despair, why all this noise ?

Were it indeed to cease to be, to leave

This gawdy something, be resolv'd to nough?

Yet were it better than unhappy life.

He, who enjoys a pleasing Privacy,

We count most Blest, because he's at quiet there ?

And what is quiet, but the next degree

To nought ? but one step further, there's nothing.

Nothing is quiet in Perfection.

A voice ! *Zaraida* sings our Elegies !

[*Voice within.*

I'll listen to her *Airs*, but I should not,

For they're so sweet, they'll draw me from my thoughts

Of Death, and charm me back to Life again.

He retires to one side of the Stage while this Song's sung within.

Sung by Mr. Freeman.

Ease with soft Sleep your weary Eyes,

Refresh your Spirits till you ri'e,

While Musick shall your dreams surprize. }

To

(27)

To me your fatal Birth is due,
Doom'd by that God you never knew.
To dye on Seas, where you were Tost,
And thrown on Sooty Africk's Coast,
Where falsely you to Creatures pray,
And leave that God, your God's obey:
Give not so soon to th' hungry Grave,
That Beauty he profusely gave:
'Tis brave to bear with Misery,
Break not his Laws, nor strive to dye,
When he sees fit, he'll set you free.

Bar. How strange her Fancy works ! What Fear suggests !
Death seems too dreadful to her tender years !
I'll bear me, to relieve her troubl'd thoughts. [Exit.

SCENE Drawn, discovers Zaraida Asleep on the Couch,
her Mothers Ghost by her. Ghost. Descends.

Zar. Stop not your Airs, blest Shade ! yet if you must,
Go tell Gualata, that we must not Dye [In her sleep.

Enter Barnagasso to her.

Bar. What fast Asleep ! she's gone to rest t'inure
Her thoughts to Death ; How Beautiful she lyes ! [Coming forward
And feeds each sense with exquisite delights !
Oh she has a continu'd round of Joys !
Which sharpen, not abate desire ; Why Heaven !
Why was this sweetest Beauty wretched made ?
Oh ! that some pitying God would seal my Eyes
With hers ! be both for ever, ever seal'd !
How sweet she breaths ! I'll catch the blest perfume,
And with soft Kisses I'll awake my Fair. [Kisses her, she starts.

Zar. Where ! Where ! my Barnagasso, Where am I ?

Bar. Oh you are in a tender Husbands Arms !

Zar. There hold me, till I have recover'd strength,
To tell you how I have labour'd in my Sleep.
When I had left you full resolv'd on Death,
My Sences frighted at the leap you meant,
Here I retir'd, to ease my burden'd Mind,
Expecting you ; Sleep scarce had clos'd my Eyes,
When a Pale Ghost appear'd, and Sung such Airs,

As both Instructed, and Delighted too.

Bar. I heard a Voice, my Love, and thought 'twas yours,
Such Harmony is in your Thoughts, and Words,
That Musick comes unfeelt from both, in Dreams
You Chant such Airs, as Charm the Drowsy 'st Dead.

Zar. How could I Dream of what I never thought?
My soul was gone to rest, had left to think,
Ev'n thought it self was weary'd into sleep;
It was no Dream caus'd by unfeelt Thoughts,
How could I think of what I never knew?
My Lord; it was a Ghost, the unknown God
Forbids our deaths, you cannot, must not dye.

Bar. That proves it but a Dream, the Child of Fear,
You form'd the danger great, for succour flew
To Thoughts extravagantly wild and gross.
Is there a God above our Glorious Sun?
The mighty Deity now jealous grown,
Checks the rude Question; Oh my *Zaraida*!
Let not our crimes draw down more thunderbolts,
And yet, forgive me Heav'n! I wish we could:
But be they such, as end at once, not Plagues
That ling'ring, keep us cruelly alive!

Zar. What is it your despair would urge you to?

Bar. I would secure my self, and you from shame:
The lustful King, back'd by the Cunning Priest,
Prepares for Force; How can you bear the thought of this?

Zar. Oh never, never! I'll be only yours.

Bar. I know you'd dye e're think of change, but pow'r
Too weakly answers to our will; his Slaves
Are train'd to Rapes, perhaps I too must view
The deed, if mortal eyes can bear what would
Deprive the Sun himself of light; Oh Heav'n's!
If there be yet a way to save my Love,
Shew it me, point it out to my dark Soul,
For Humane Wisdom's at a loss to help us.

Zar. Trust Heav'n, that sure will guard my Innocence.

Bar. 'Tis too presumptuous to lye down at ease,
And leave the Gods to work our freedom out;
No: let's employ the little time we have
To live, in searching after death; for death's

The only means can save us now ; inclos'd
 By miseries, on every side besieg'd.
 In vain I search, no Nook, no Cranny's found,
 No passage left unguarded to escape, but death.
 Prepare, my fairest Love, for we must dye.
 Oh that so sweet a thing should want a Name
 That's soft enough, t'express how sweet it is!

Zar. I'm ever your obedient Wife ; but death's
 So terrible, it shakes my heart, yet worse,
 Much worse 'twould be to part ; How must we dye ?

Bar. Some death that's quick, for I expect with fear,
 Each moment, when they'll force thee from my Arms ;
 Our Minutes are as dear as Miser's Gold ;
 We have not time to starve our Souls away,
 Hell will o'retake us ere that's done ; but hold !
 Here's one says he's my Friend, if he speak true,
 He'll not deny the Passport which I want.

Enter to them the General Barfiloa.

Gen. Forgive my absence, which my place requir'd,
 I've heard what cheats were us'd in th'Oracle,
 And fearing the effects of just despair ;
 I'm come to bid you think of Life, of Love ;
 In spite of Priests you shall be great again.

Bar. I Laugh to see you shoot so wide o'th' mark ;
 Yet if you mean by bravely dying, to be great,
 I'm yours ; no Priest indeed can hinder that.

Gen. No, you shall live ; blest both with liberty and love.

Bar. Perhaps my Father's heard my earnest Pray'r,
 And sends thee to point out a way to live.
 Speak, if I can have honourable Life,
 I must not dye, death would be a rashness then,
 Much unbecoming *Barnagasso's* Soul.

Gen. Know then, in *Tombu*, there's a Law, preserv'd
 These many years by Sacred care, enroll'd
 By the First King e're wore the Imperial Crown,
 By this, the General who Victorious comes
 From Foreign Wars, is Priviledg'd to Ask,
 What his extreamest wishes prompt him to,
 Ev'n to the Crown has won.

Bar. Arc

Bar. Are these your mighty hopes? credulous Man?
 Why didst thou sound so brave a Charge, to raise
 My Spirits high with expectation vast;
 Then sink 'em down, unable to sustain their weight?
 Think'st thou a Law can bar his hot desires?
 He, who can trample on Divine Commands,
 May safely break such Mothy Bonds as these.

Gen. Still has it been inviolable kept:
 With fresh repeated Oaths he Swore, to grant,
 What e're Ambition, with red Vict'ry flusht,
 Could Ask, if I would Lead his Armys on.

Bar. You Argue weaker still; so lame his Oaths
 Observ'd; he'd sooner keep another Mans.

Gen. But 'tis his Interest That will go far;
 He knows the Soldiers are at my Command,
 Prone to resent my injuries, as their own;
 What tho' he's amorous, he loves his Crown
 Too well, to lose it for a moments sport.

Bar. That argument I confess were strong,
 For Fear works wonders, had he not such helps,
 As ne're can fail to buoy his Spirits up,
 A States-man, burning Lust, and a damn'd Priest,
 If he's a Coward spite of these, 'tis strange.
 Oh! I've consider'd well whatever look'd
 The least resembling hope, and find no Ground
 To Anchor in, but Death, immediate Death.

Gen. What shall I do to save so brave a Man?

Bar. Give me a Sword, dissuade me not from Death,
 When life's a burden grown, think not I'd dye,
 If I could live as *Parnagasso* should.
 If you're my Friend, as I can hardly doubt;
 Relieve my wants, and charitably help
 To end that Life, which I cannot preserve.

Gen. Defer it but a moment more, till I
 Can sound the King, then if I fail, 'tis time
 Enough to dye, a minute is not much,

Bar. Should I let slip this moment Heav'n affords,
 Perhaps, why do I say perhaps? I'm sure
 'Twill never, never come again.

Zar. Nay now my Lord you're too unjust to me,

(31)

And to your self, to fight so great a boon;
Despair when there is room for Hope, is mean,
And what is mean, can never enter here;
Death is unlawful, as you said your self,
While life can honourably be preserv'd;
Come we will joyn our Forces, and intreat
A short Reprieve, can you deny your Wife?

Gen. Can you deny your Friend, who begs you Live?

Zar. My Lord I'm not acquainted yet with death,
Stay but an hour, you will not leave me sure.

Gen. How can you need such Courtship to your Life,
And to a happy one, if Heav'n can make it so? [*Pointing to her.*]

Zar. We conquer, see he yields! he melts apace!

Bar. Do with me what you please, but much I fear;

Zar. What my Lord?

Bar. That we shall live to Curse this weak neglect. [*Ex. cum Zar.*]

[*The General at the other Door.*]

SCENE Changes to the Emperour's Apartment.

Enter the Emperour and Zanhaga.

Em. Did he so haughtily reject my Gift?

Zan. He bad me say he was prepar'd for Fate.

Em. Then Fate shall be prepar'd for him; or false,
Or true, the Oracle shall now take place.

Away repenting thoughts! Remorse avaunt,

Methinks I see his Soul already wing'd;

Bring me the Royal Bowl, Zanhaga, quick,

I'll drink its happy Voyage through th' Air.

Zan. And I'll drink yours; now Fate thou'rt kind indeed.

[*Exit, and Returns with Two Bowls.*]

Em. This 'tis to be a King, and fortunate:
Were I Gualata now, I were to dy.

Zan. And were I either of you, so were I. [*Aside.*]

Em. Come, give it me, I'll drink this Health, tho death
Were mixt inseparably with the Draught. [*Drinks.*]

Zan. That would not I, tho' Heav'n should follow it,
If Poyson causes Death, he guesses well;
However, there's no Robbery, he gets a Star,
And I his Crown, he's pleas'd, and so am I. } [*Aside.*]

Em. Zanhaga, I forgot, you should have drank of mine.

Zan. My

Zan. My Lord, this Bowl is rich enough for me.
How wond'rous kind he is ! Now I am great— [*Drinks.*
Gualato, Tombu, are my own ;
And all by Wit, by Politicks refin'd ;
How I could hug my self ! and how applaud [*Aside.*
That brave ambition, which has urg'd me on !

Emp. Come my *Zanhaga*, 'tis not fit Death wait,
Love calls upon me to destroy this King,
And reap from thence what Love, and Beauty bring.

As they are going out, the General enters and stops 'em.

Gen. I beg your Majesty to hear my suit.

Emp. What is it *Parfiloa* ? speak, I'll hear.

Gen. 'Tis in behalf of the whole Empire, of
Your self, to punish whom the Gods would change
The course of Nature, rain cold Winter down,
A freezing Hell on scorching *Africa*,
If Blood to Innocent be rashly spilt.

Em. What tends it that way then ? (*Aside*) Speak I'm in haste.

Gen. I beg the gallant Prisoner may be freed,
And his fair wife giv'n to her Husbands arms.

Emp. Why ask'st thou not my Crown ? as well thou may'st,
And sooner should succeed, proud insolence !
Darest thou oppose thy self to me, and Heav'n,
Who has requir'd his Death, and Doom'd her mine ?
Away, I'll hear no more such suits ; lead on.

Gen. My Lord, 'tis what our Laws allow ; my self
Who made 'em Slaves, now beg they may be free.

Emp. Those Laws one King has made, another may Revoke :
Zanhaga, sure this cannot be your Son !

Zan. I know not if he be my Son ; a few
Hours more and he shall be my Slave. (*Aside.*)

Gen. You can't but know the forgeries of the Priest, [*To the Emp.*
His curs'd abuse of Sacred Rites inflames
All *Africk* with a Pious Rage ; if he
Must dye ; 'twere better far, you tell the World
The true, the only cause ; say he's the rub
To your hot suit : proclaim in *Tombu's* Streets,
Gualato dyes, that you may act the Beast
Securely with his Wife ; this would be great,
Tho wicked, yet 'tis better than to skulk

Behind a poor pretence of Fates commands,
Which you your self have countenanc'd the Priest
To forge; there is some Vertue in a bold
Attempt, but a mean action adds that sin
To Cruelty, and dwindles you to nothing straight.

Em. Oh Love! how poor a God art thou! whose chains
So much debase whom they Subject, my Slave
Sees in my Face my heart, and braves me now.

Zan. My Lord 'tis time Fates orders were obe'd,

Emp. I thank thee, thou hast rowz'd Revenge, and Love,
My Thunder first shall crush this Prince, then you.

Gen. 'Tis not big words can fright your General,
Have you forgot? — Stay Sir, when first the War
Broke out, when *Gualata* all Revengeful flew,
To right his injur'd Honour, and his Love?
Remember Sir what fears your Army seiz'd,

— Even you your self,

Who now can Thunder, trembled then; not Flags
By Winds more mov'd; you almost shook your Soul away.
What had become of your bravados then,
Had I not undertook the desp'rate charge?
Kind Pray'rs, and tears were paid me then,
I thought 'em true, curst fool! I did—I lead
Your Troops, where I've unfortunately won,
Conquer'd the best of Men, have chain'd a God,
For such is *Earnagasso* to our World,
And now to be deny'd the common right;
Is base, and I return ingrate to you.

Emp. Audacious Villian! hence! Blaspheme no more
With thy vile Tongue my Sacred Majesty;
But that thy Fathers Services now plead
Aloud, my Royal Blood too, which thou shar'st,
For Mercy begs, thou Traytour hadst been dead;
Loath too I am t'imbue my hands afresh,
In the same Purple Flood I spilt this day;
A thousand things now force me t'excuse thee,
The time calls on me for a nobler act,
To glut in Blood of Kings, not Slaves; yet ere
I go, to give th'aspiring Soul some check;
I spurn thee Traytour from my presence thus.

Exit cum Zan.

Marces

Manet Barfiloa Solus.

Gen. Is that to check; thou art in love indeed!
 Have I for this endur'd the Toyls of War,
 Left a Luxurious Court for a rough Camp?
 Forc'd my just heart to fight for Lust, my Soul
 To sweat and drudge to pamper him for Rapes?
 And am I spurn'd at last for my Reward?
 My slighted wounds gape in their Masters face,
 Revenge, revenge, they cry—I'll right my self
 By force, my forming brain chalks out the way
 Which I must tread—hast then e're 'tis too late,
 To right thy self, and to prevent his Fate.

[*Exit.*]*Finis Actus Quarti.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter the Emperour, Barnagasso chain'd, Zaraida, Zanhaga, and
 Guards, Zaraida in dishevell'd hair, intreats the Emperour.*

Zar. **O**H spare him! spare him! spare my Husband's Life,
 His Blood can't make you Beautiful to me,
 'Twill paint you worse than horrid Monsters are,
 Why will you kill him then? O cruel King!
 Is that the way to Love? because he's mine,
 He dyes, how can I love his Murderer?
 My Eyes are weak, they cannot look on Blood,
 That colour makes me weep: my Heart's so soft,
 Like our quick plant from a rude touch it flies,
 But kindly opens to the gentle hand;
 More mercy, and less Blood might do much more;
 Oh! I'd say any thing to save his Life;
 Which I have brought to such a shameful Death;
 Oh could we now but dye with Honour, I were blest?

[*Aside.*]*Bar.* Forgive

Bar. Forgive me love, if I reproach thee now,
My Friend too who dissuaded me from Death;
See what your pray'rs have done, I was unjust
When I would end this miserable Life;
Oh my Prophetick fears are true! 'twas once
My own to dye, the happy minute fled
Unheeded by, the slighted Friend will ne're return.
Now lead me where you please, to death, which ne're
Can come too soon to a wise man; lead on.

Zar. Why hast you so my Lord? Death is not slow
To come, can you leave me for death?

Emp. My love admits of no delay, speak Fair,
Accept my flame, and he shall live, live great;
But for your self, good Gods! the Earth shall groan,
Millions of Slaves shall sweat in her rich veins,
Slaves who are born, and dye in Golden Mines;
Their e'ry stroke shall cleave an Empire forth,
The rough form'd mass shall loose it's close embrace,
The Embryo Gold shall from the Womb be torn,
And shall by curious art be form'd a new,
By pray'rs, or force, I will enjoy your charms.

Zar. Vain Promises! you ask so high a price,
The Universe's not worth what I must give.

Bar. Spare all thy tears, *Zaraida* spare thy sighs,
My life's not worth the Ransom he requires.

Zar. Oh cruel King are you a Man, yet bear
Unmov'd what bent the stormy Winds and Seas?
My face alone could calm their Rage; but now
Nor that, nor tears, nor sighs, can move your Breast.
My voice has lost it's sweetness now, Oh call
The Winds and Waves, call them not cruel now,
No more be they accurst, for they were kind,
Much kinder than the cursed Monster Man.

Em. 'Tis you are cruel now, curse on't! I could
Force her Love, but then I've imperfect joy.

Have you thought?

Zar. Yes I have thought.

Emp. And what is the result?

Zar. That if one crime can sink a Soul to Hell,
Where will thy World of Murders hurry thee?

Emp. To Heav'n poor fool, where should great *Jamoan* go?

Zar. What for Murder?

Emp. Ask thy self that ; if common Murder sinks,
Where must thou go, whose hands are dipp'd
In a fond Husbands Blood ?

Bar. Why dost thou sport Almighty justice thus?
Think'st thou such slight evasions weigh with Heav'n ?

Emp. If they weigh here, I look no further. [*Aside.*
How can you call me cruel ? yet endure
Your Husbands limbs by drawing Engines stretch'd,
His Veins drawn fine as silken wefts ;
His Blood inflam'd by journeying on, now finds
A longer course renew'd, and now it's dams
Broke down, irregularly runs, forc'd up
To the last limits of that little world,
It under dyes the white with scarlet streaks ;
The snowy Corps blushes at the disgrace ;
Can you bear this without reluctancy !

Zar. Oh do you know so well the pains o'th' rack,
And yet can cruelly design him there

Emp. And now he curses Heav'n, that made him young,
For life in youth is riverted more close
To the inwrapping Flesh.

Now he roars loud with more than Lyons rage,
And now he flings his Body forward on
The rack, provoking Death, who bears his taunts,
And servilely attends my nod, O life !
Wretched indeed, when Death, so terrible
To Humane thoughts, is languish'd for !

Bar. Were it yet more wretched, I have a Soul
To bear it all, cease then to threat, and do.

Emp. The burning Vessel now boyls o're, he foams,
And froths at mouth, he struggles with the choaking stench ;
His Eye-balls strain'd crack their suspending threads,
And from their splinter'd jaggy roots a deluge flows.
Nature quite tir'd with passion, raves no more ;
Yet still the Body hugs th' unwilling Soul,
In fond Embraces locks the Spirit fast,
Thirsting for Separation ; Can you be
Yet unmov'd at this description ? Alas !

You little know the thousand pains he bears.

Zar. O *Gualata*! Now I feel, I fear for you,
My Female-Courage trembles at the thoughts;
Yet I'll not shrink a jot from Virtues Rules,
Nor give this Beauty to that Tyrants Arms,
Tho at my first Embrace, thy pains should cease.

Bar. Where are ye Gods if the loud fall of two
Such mighty wrecking Orbs can't rouse your souls?
Awake, nor let a Mortal brave ye thus.

Em. Think, Can you bear to see him piece-meal torn?
His angry flesh wrench'd from th' unwilling bones?
His Bowels ript, while Life yet shivers there?
His big heart, dancing in a Sea of Blood,
Shall first be mash'd, then thrown into his Face.

Zar. I cannot think it, thought startles at it.

Em. I'll aid your barren Imagination;
I'll lead you, where your eyes shall straight behold
That horror, which your lagging fancy could not reach.

Zar. Hold! hold! tho all your arts can't make me yield,
I've heard enough to dye! farewell! [Swoons.

Bar. That thou wert dead indeed! there all my fears
Would end; the weary Soul retires for ease.

Em. By Heav'n's a lucky opportunity!
Bear her to the Royal Bed, and him to Death.

Bar. Oh stay! no pow'r shall force me hence, till she
Revive, *Zaraida*! Curse on my weak Voice!
Why was't not loud as Whirl-winds, Tempests roar?
Oh that my Chains could ring a loud alarm.
To wake the sleeping Gods and her! Where Father! where!
Oh that my Teeth, my Nails could straitway dig
Quite through this Globe, to find the wand'ring God!
What shall I do to save her from his Lust?

I'll wake, or crush her Soul out with my weight. [Rushes upon her.

Zar. Oh *Barnagasso*! Am I once more here!

Thus let my Kisses breath my Soul into ?Waking, gets be-
Your Body, that we may together dye. tween his Arms.

Bar. Oh Love! nor Hell, nor Heav'n shall part us now.

Emp. Then Earth shall; Guards force her from him, or Racks
Unheard of be your Fate— unbind him first; [He struggles.
Then force her from her hold.

As

As they unbind him, he seizes a Sword, and holds her in his left hand.

Bar. Now I am loose, no Power shall bind my Hands again.

Em. Curse on my Dalliance, it has ruin'd all.

Bar. See King, my Fate is now my own; but I will live, live to revenge my self, by Heav'n!

'Tis ominous, 'tis the first time I've grasp'd

A Manly Sword this day, this age of Slavery.

Zan. 'Tis comes of slipping, when occasion serves.

How e're I'm sure of him, tho' to other lives. *[Aside.]*

Em. See how amaz'd the Cowards look! Seize him.

Bar. Come on, I shall at least dye nobly now.

Em. What Noise is that? *[Noise within.]*

Enter Officer in haste.

Off. Fly, Sacred Sir preserve your Life;
The General engag'd at his Repulse,
Has, with a Rebel's Fury, forc'd our Gates,
None dare oppose; my self but hardly escap'd
The rolling Flood, to warn you of the War.

Bar. Oh my brave Friend! How have I wrong'd thy honesty?

Em. In vain is Flight; I must sustain the shock.

Enter Barfilon, &c.

Gen. Fall on, fall on; I have not time to Embrace
Thee now, anon I shall; let us dispatch.

Bar. Come, Love, inspire my Heart, while I engage
This Emperour! cruel; and Coward too!

They Fight, beat the Emperour off, and clear the Stage.

Re-Enter the Emperour, Zanhaga, and 2 Guards, as in Flight.

Em. Ha! they have play'd me foul; I feel, besides
My Wounds, a Murdering Enemy within:
The boiling Caldron roars, barb'd Irons prick
My tender part; bear me to th' Briny-Flood,
There let me plunge this Flaxen t'aper down;
Wade through the dark Abyss to quench my Blaze.

Zan. Help

Zan. Help me to bear him up.

Em. Wide, wide Earth! burst open thy chilling womb!
In thy cold Cisterns let me bathe my Flame;
Build me a Throne in *Aquilunda's* Pool;
Turn here the *Zaira's* course, I'll gape awide,
Through me it's Channel lyes; it shall come forth
Swift liquid Flame, painted with my Hearts-blood.

Zan. Trust me, I weep to see my Master thus.

Em. That I could cleave to Hell! dig in rich Mines.
Of Winter! I'd feed on Cakes of Ice.
The subterranean Field should hiss, should flame,
Ev'n Snow should burn; so catching is my Plague!
Off! I'll to Hell, the happiest Heaven is Hell.

Zan. How cold he feels: *Emp.* I have my wish, I freeze.
But here *Zaraida* comes, 't is not a word;
She takes me for her Lord; Who is't dares hold me?
Barnagasso here! Dye fond Fool. [Stabs *Zan.*
Now I'm King again! let Trumpets sound!
For Mighty *Jamoan*, Great *Tombu*, Lives.
Ha! What hast thou done! Kill'd thy best Friends.

Zan. Mourn not, for I've been before-hand with you:
Know, 'twas I Poyson'd you to gain your Crown;
I Brib'd the Priest, to give the Prisoner Death,
That I might wear a Triple Diadem.
I can't repent, were it to do again,
And the Temptation half so fair, I'd do't.
Make hast, you cannot live,
I'll wait thee at the Portal. [Dies.

Emp. I shall o'rtake thee ere thou fly'st so far;
Curs'd *Zanhaga*! my Blood will weigh thee down:
Oh Love! prepare my Starry Throne;
My Soul is wing'd, and as my Body sinks, she mounts. [Dies.

Enter Barnagasso, the General, Zaraida, &c.

Bar. This way th'astonish'd King retir'd; behold [Seeing them.
Triumphant Death! How were these murders done?

Offi. The King was Poyson'd, as *Zanhaga*, ere
His Death Confess'd, by him, he too had brib'd
The Priest to speak your Fate; the King depriv'd
Of Reason, by the Operating Draught,
Mistaking him for you, destroy'd him.

Bar. They

Bar. They should have fall'n by me alone, but I
Submit to th' Will of Heav'n, take hence the Dead. } *Guards take*
I cannot, must not pity 'em, and 'tis } *them off.*

Not in my Nature to Insult, to you
Who with your timely aid maintain'd what I
Begun, I give my Thanks in this Embrace,
And, as the next of Blood, salute you *Tombu's* King.

Gen. 'Tis in your Love I glory more, than in
My Crown, which so ignobly does descend ;
My Fathers crimes have made me great ; I fought
Not to be King, but to relieve so brave
A Man, to be your Friend, I've not deserv'd
That Name, yet I'll assume it thus.

Embraces Bar.

Zar. 'Twere vain to offer at a payment of
Our debts to Heav'n, which had reduc'd us to
The worst Extreame, and snatcht us thence to joys
Unthought of, unexpected blifs ; Heav'n has
Appear'd so partial for our good, that 'twere
A Sin to doubt its further care ; ev'n our
Misfortunes seem but the kind Tryals of
A pious mind, our grief, a purging flame ;
And now all Innocent we'll live, most blest.

Bar. Most blest indeed in my *Zaraida's* Love, [*Embracing her.*
What wonders were for our Deliv'rance wrought !
Let none hereafter at misfortunes pine,
Let none despair, that hear our story told ;
Let each unhappy Man his Misery
With patience bear, for Heav'n at last will set him Free.